

COMFORTING EASTER BELLS.  
Sweet is the comfort that the chiming  
Are thrilling down upon the ear,  
In ringing tones of wordless hymns—  
Life and death, Human breath,  
Joy and pain, Naught is vain,  
For Christ is risen! Heaven is near!

If sorrow comes, they also go;  
If joys must fly, they reappear,  
Still gladness bells swing to and fro—  
Life and death, Human breath,  
Joy and pain, Naught is vain,  
For Christ is risen! Heaven is near!

Then ring for joy, ye Easter bells,  
That Love Divine has conquered fear!  
Immortal hope your rhythm tells—  
Life and death, Human breath,  
Joy and pain, Naught is vain,  
For Christ is risen! Heaven is near!

—Heles Everett Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

## MY EASTER-EGG.

BY ANNA SHELDON.

BESSIE! my father  
said to me, looking  
up from a letter he  
was reading, "how  
should you like to  
have a cousin to  
come and live here!  
A girl-cousin, about  
your own age, and  
with your name,  
too—Elizabeth Bas-  
sett."

I only stared, far  
too amazed for speech. A cousin!  
Never had I heard of an uncle or an aunt,  
much less a cousin.

"But, papa," I said, at last, "I never  
knew I had a cousin."

"H'm! No! Your mother was an  
only child, but I had a brother. Poor  
Tom! He and I had a quarrel, long be-  
fore we were either of us married; no  
matter about that now. Tom went off  
to the West, but he didn't find any of  
the wonderful good luck there that some  
men do. The fact is, Bess, Tom was  
always lazy! Lazy folks don't get along  
out West! But he is dead, my dear,  
been dead these ten years, and his wife  
died about a week ago, and left a letter  
for me, asking me to befriend their only  
child. She needn't come here, you see,  
if you don't want her."

"Oh, but I do want her!" I cried.  
"Have I not been longing for a sister all  
my life? I do want her, papa! Please  
send her here."

"Very well, my dear. I will write at  
once."

Then I rushed off to find Martha, who  
is our heart's ease, and, I sometimes  
suspect, our real housekeeper, though  
she lets me have all the honors. Martha,  
who had lived with my grandmother,  
had known Mr. Tom, but had thought  
he died long ago. She was very will-  
ing, however, to help me in getting one  
of the prettiest rooms ready for "Miss  
Elizabeth," and promised dainties for  
the feast of welcome.

At the eleventh hour papa resolved to  
go himself and bring the orphan girl to  
her new home, and Martha and I had  
full scope for our hospitable plans. It  
was not that I had anything to do, for  
with our small family Martha declared  
she had hard work to keep the servants  
busy, in spite of the size of the house,  
but I liked to fuss about, and select  
pretty ornaments and trimmings for my  
cousin's room.

Perhaps I threw myself into these  
preparations with more energy because I  
had never quite recovered from the  
heartache it gave me to part with Her-  
bert Wilson. Two years before papa  
had sent him off to seek his fortune, and  
I lived meantime on the hope of his  
finding it. It was a romantic little love  
story, and being so much alone I had  
suffered more than papa knew, so I was  
glad to think of having a companion of  
my own age.

She came with papa, and rushed into  
my arms, apparently as pleased as I was.  
I had pulled down my face to express  
my sympathy with her recent loss, but it  
was wasted sentiment. She did not ap-  
pear to have any feeling about it, and  
longer acquaintance convinced me that  
she had no depth of feeling about any-  
thing.

But she was charming, a little, fair-  
like blonde, with fluffy yellow hair, soft  
blue eyes, and a complexion like straw-  
berries and cream. I felt gigantic when  
I saw her reflections in a long mirror,  
for I was tall, decidedly brunette, and  
while I was just six months the younger,  
looked five years older than the childlike  
little butterfly.

It was pretty to see how she enjoyed  
the luxuries about her, the dainty food,  
the cozy arm chairs, and, above all, the  
idleness. Poor little mite! She had  
faced poverty ever since she was born,  
and she enjoyed comfort as much as a  
kitten.

"I mean to marry a rich man," she  
told me, "or not marry at all. Lots and  
lots of money! That is my idea of per-  
fect bliss. And, by the way, Bess, why  
don't you marry Mr. Gordon?"

I laughed heartily. Ever since I  
could remember I had been asked why I  
didn't marry Mr. Gordon. He had  
wooed me with dolls and sugar plums  
when I was a mere baby, and his devo-  
tions were apparent to the most careless.  
Even Bert, my own Bert, had occasional  
spasms of jealousy, and in our last con-  
versation had said, imploringly:

"You'll give me a fair chance, Bessie?  
You won't marry Gordon?"

And I solemnly promised never to  
marry Charles Gordon.

## Shenandoah



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## THE MIRROR.

FOR AGES IT HAS INFLUENCED  
THE HUMAN RACE.The Two Mirrors in the Vice-  
President's Room in the White House  
—Metal and Other Mirrors  
of the Ancients.

IN the Vice-President's room in the  
White House hangs two mirrors,  
one historic, the other philosphi-  
cal, if you happen to look at it that  
way. The historic mirror is an old-  
fashioned, gilt-framed glass, about two  
feet by fourteen inches, bought in Van  
Buren's time. This mirror cost the sum  
of \$25, and a storm of protest against  
such extravagance was raised when the  
purchase was made. One Congressman  
even went so far as to declare on the  
floor of the House that he had combed  
his hair for fifty years before a 5x8-inch  
glass, and had lived to have a voice in  
the ruling of Nations, and that neither  
he nor his constituents would submit to  
be taxed to support \$25 worth of vanity  
in a Vice-President.

The philosophic mirror hangs op-  
posite. It was bought recently and cost  
twenty times as much as the first one  
and not a protest was made when the  
bill was paid. This is what makes the  
mirror philosophic. It reflects the higher  
estimate put on personal vanity as men  
and women grow wiser. The philosophy  
can also be extended to cover some con-  
sideration of the part that mirrors have  
played in the history of the human race.

White House hangs two mirrors, one  
historic, the other philosphical, if you  
happen to look at it that way. The his-  
toric mirror is an old-fashioned, gilt-  
framed glass, about two feet by fourteen  
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## Nature's Freaks in Plants.

Nowhere is the evidence of design in  
nature more emphatically set forth than  
among certain forms of plant-life, which,  
in their various functions, seem to ap-  
proach so near the animal kingdom, that  
the observer feels that here is some  
strange plant animal—something that  
might possibly form a connecting link  
between the animals and plants.

In a close study of these plants we see  
many evidences of seeming intelligence  
that are not found in some animals, and  
so remarkable are the actions of certain  
plants that the impression is forced upon  
us that we are confronted with intelli-  
gence or something strangely akin to it.  
In the present paper I wish to call at-  
tention to the group which is popularly  
known as carnivorous plants, or flesh  
eaters. A familiar example is the little  
dew-drops, so common in various portions  
of the country. The plant is small and  
inconspicuous. The first one I ever saw  
caught my eye by a sudden flash of fiery  
red light, and kneeling on the damp  
grass I fairly caught the little carnivore  
in the act which has rendered it so fa-  
mous. There were several tender, deli-  
cate stalks in the centre, and round  
about it near the ground four or five  
singular, small, pale like objects about  
the size of small buttons. These were  
leaves and their upper surface was  
covered with reddish tentacles that stood  
boldly up, each bearing a delicate drop  
of dew that gleamed and glistened in  
the sunlight like a veritable garnish. Across  
the top of the leaves a long-legged  
fragile insect lay, caught but a second  
before and dying a most terrible death.

Five or six of the hair like tentacles  
were thrown across its legs and wings,  
holding it down and pressing its body  
nearer and nearer to the leaf, while  
other rich, blood red stalks were in all  
positions, bending over to encompass the  
victim. The sight was a horror in a  
miniature, and reminded me of the ac-  
tions of an octopus. It has eight suck-  
ered arms radiating from a small, bag-  
shaped body, and each arm has all the  
sinuosity, all the possibility of motion of  
a snake, ever undulating, quivering, as  
if with suppressed emotion, while over  
the entire mass waves and varied shades  
of color seem to ebb and flow.—Cal-  
ifornia Magazine.

## The Profits of a Coyote Farm.

John E. Snell tells us that the law  
which pays a bounty on every scalp re-  
moved from the skull of a coyote in Cal-  
ifornia has been the source of all his  
present little fortune, and he is grieved  
at the probability that the law-makers at  
Sacramento will repeal the statute at  
this session of the Legislature.

When the coyote bounty law went into  
effect in March, 1891, John Snell was  
wintering in a San Bernardino Hotel. He  
had a taste for gunning, and knew the  
mountains and the favorite resorts of the  
coyotes in Southern California. So he  
started out early for coyote scalps. He  
has made a business of hunting and  
scalping the beasts ever since, but for  
some months the supply of coyotes has  
been so small, under the operation of  
the bounty law, that he has not made  
more than eighty or ninety dol-  
lars a month, and that, with necessarily  
large expenses, has made the net profit  
very small.

Mr. Snell tells us that his two years'  
work in the coyote-scalping business  
made him about \$3700 richer. He has  
shot, trapped, poisoned and maimed  
coyotes in every county south of Visalia.  
He has had two partners in the business  
at different times, but most of the time  
he has worked alone.

He has tramped and ridden on horse-  
back several thousand miles in quest of  
coyotes. He made the most money in  
scalps in San Diego County, and the next  
most in Ventura County. For the first  
six months in the occupation he got on  
an average of two scalps a day.

In one day in the Temescal Mountains  
he got fourteen scalps, and in one week  
his receipts from bounties on scalps de-  
posited with the Clerk of Los Angeles  
County were over \$160. But those  
were the balmy days of the coyote-scalp  
industry, and when the law went into  
effect. For the past ten months the  
number of coyotes has been growing  
smaller fast, and for several days at a  
time Snell has not so much as seen one  
of the animals, and the few that remain  
have become so scarce and fearful of the  
presence of hunters that it now takes a  
crack rifle shot to lay one of them low.

His gross receipts for scalps have been  
over \$5000.—Pomona (Cal.) Progress.

## Two Novel Timepieces.

The next wrinkles in timepieces are  
a watch that talks and a clock that  
marks the time by the consumption of a  
candle that illuminates its translucent  
dial. The watch, which is ingenious  
but intricate, announces the hours and  
quarters in a voice given it by a pho-  
nographic attachment. It is the invention  
of a Swiss named Cassimir Lival. The  
clock is for night use. The dial can be  
turned by hand, and before going to bed  
the hand is placed opposite the hour of  
retiring. As the candle burns lower and  
lower it pulls the hand on the dial me-  
chanically, which, illuminated in the  
rear by the burning light, shows the  
hour until daybreak.—New York Ad-  
vertiser.

Scappi, cook of Pius V., published  
the first Italian cook book in 1570.

## Colds and Their Cure.

An old nurse whose remedies are  
looked upon as infallible, was asked the  
other day how to cure a cold, and here  
is what she said:

When a cold once gets a good start,  
you can't cure it. It's bound to run its  
course for three weeks, like a fever.  
The time to take a cold in hand is when  
the first symptoms are felt. The best  
means of treatment depends on the sort  
of cold it is. For a cold in the head,  
the best thing to do is to steam the head.  
That is what the doctors do. They use  
all sorts of appliances, but a common  
tea-kettle will do. When the water boils  
move the kettle to the back of the stove,  
remove the cover and hold the face over  
the steam. Put a towel around your  
neck so as not to wet your garments, and  
keep your mouth open. Keep this up as  
long as you can stand it. Do it at night  
when you are going to bed. If you do  
it and then go out, it will be more apt  
to aggravate than to cure the cold. If  
one could stay in the house and keep the  
rooms at about the same even tempera-  
ture for two or three days, nothing more  
might be required.

In addition to steaming the face, a  
hot bath should be taken and a dose of  
quinine. This is one of the few medi-  
cines that it is safe to take without a  
doctor's prescription. How much should  
constitute a dose depends altogether upon  
whether the patient has ever taken it be-  
fore or not. Almost any one, though, can  
take two two-grain pills night and  
morning. It must be discontinued,  
though, just as soon as you begin to ex-  
perience a ringing sensation in the ears.  
A laxative is also necessary.

A cold on the lungs is even more se-  
rious than a cold in the head. If it  
begins with soreness and tightness of the  
chest, the best thing to do is to rub in,  
with the tips of your fingers, a mixture  
of vaseline and turpentine. A hot foot-  
bath, in which two tablespoonfuls of  
mustard to the gallon have been dis-  
solved, and a hot drink should be taken.  
If there is much pain, apply a ginger  
plaster to the chest. If there is a dry,  
hard cough, steaming the face will re-  
lieve it. As the cough becomes looser,  
a cough mixture, made of molasses,  
butter and an onion, all boiled together,  
should be taken.—New York Recorder.

## What One Sees in the Moon.

By means of a good telescope a very  
distinct view of the moon's surface may  
be obtained. With a glass having a  
power of 1000 diameters we are brought  
within 239 miles of the "pale orb of  
night," that is, 1000 diameters of power  
magnifies the surface of our sister world  
until it does not appear to be over 239  
miles away. With the highest power yet  
brought to bear, however, no traces  
of inhabitants of any sort has as yet been  
discovered, though did such a thing as  
a large town exist it could easily be de-  
fined with such a good view of the lunar  
surface as that mentioned.

Even to the naked eye the moon pre-  
sents the appearance of having a ragged  
and uneven surface, and it is needless to  
add that the telescope confirms this  
opinion. Astronomers tell us that on  
many parts of the visible portion of the  
moon very high mountains exist; also  
that the elevation of these peaks has  
been determined by measuring and care-  
fully observing the shadows they cast  
when the sun shines obliquely upon them.  
At the time of full moon the shadows  
have heretofore been so conspicuous  
disappear, the reason assigned for this  
being that at the time of full moon the  
sun shines vertically upon the peaks and  
other eminences just as it does upon such  
objects along our equator at the time of  
the vernal and the autumnal equinoxes.

Very accurate maps of the moon's sur-  
face have lately been drawn, some of  
them upon a very large scale. On some  
of these maps the location of the differ-  
ent peaks is clearly set forth and the  
height of each in feet is given just the  
same as with the mountains on the earth.  
Most of the mountains on the moon are  
named for celebrated astronomers, New-  
ton's Peak showing up as a bright,  
shining rock 24,084 feet in height.—St.  
Louis Republic.

## They Wanted Doll Rags.

A policeman in Central Park, New  
York City, the other day noticed two  
little girls dodging busily about  
through the crowds, and suspecting that  
they were up to some mischief followed  
them. Presently a woman stopped him  
and said that there had been a piece cut  
out of her dress. Two other women im-  
mediately discovered that their dresses  
had been similarly mutilated. The po-  
liceman thereupon arrested the girls, and  
found that each had a pair of scissors,  
and several bits of cloth that they had cut  
from different dresses. A man who said  
that he had seen one of them out at his  
wife's dress, went with him to the sta-  
tion house to lodge a complaint. The  
girls, who were very much frightened,  
said in the most innocent manner that  
they wanted some rags to make clothes  
for their dolls, and that as they did not  
know how else to get them they decided  
to cut them out of ladies' dresses. The  
gentleman concluded not to make a com-  
plaint, and the girls were taken to their  
mothers, who were advised to keep a  
better watch on them in the future.—  
New Orleans Picayune.

## FUN.

A handout!—A blow with the fist.  
A monster mass meeting—Collision of  
ocean steamers.

Hard lines sometimes—Marriage  
lines.—Punch.

A bald headed man's powers of recita-  
tion are greatly increased under an elec-  
tric light.—Washington Star.

The best kind of a standing army is  
the one that will stand in the face of an  
enemy.—New Orleans Picayune.

Jago says we never know how bad  
our friends can be till we see them in  
amateur theatricals.—Elmira Gazette.

"What are you marking those collars  
for? You said they didn't fit." "That's  
it; if I put my name on them I'll never  
see them again."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Well," said the philosophic young  
man when he saw her with another, "I'm  
not going to have a fit simply because  
I've been out."—Washington Star.

Walton—"Is the fare improving at  
your boarding place any?" Burton—  
"Oh, yes; the butter is considerably  
stronger than it was last week."—Chi-  
cago Inter Ocean.

Mrs. B con—"I think Mrs. Knock-  
about dresses very quietly, don't you?"  
Mrs. Egbert—"You wouldn't think so  
if you lived in the flat under her, as I  
do."—Statesman.

Author—"Well, what do you think  
of my new drama?" Friendly Critic—  
"Splendid! The villain in particular is  
admirably portrayed. The very words  
he utters are stolen."—Life.

Miss Lily (after the proposal)—"I don't  
think you had better see papa to-day.  
Tom, my dressmaker has just been here  
with her bill." Tom Featherhead—  
"That is just the time. He will be glad  
to get rid of you."

She—"So you saw my husband for  
the first time last evening. Does he re-  
mind you of any of his family?" He—  
"Yes, he reminded me of his wife, and  
said I needn't let on to you where I saw  
him."—Boston Transcript.

"I tried my poem on a dog, sir, as  
you advised," said the poet. "Well,"  
said the editor, "what was the result?"  
"I was arrested by an officer of the So-  
ciety for the Prevention of Cruelty to  
Animals."—Brooklyn Life.

Briggs—"I have never told you about  
the smart things my little boy does and  
says, have I?" Craggs—"You never  
have." Briggs—"Then don't you think  
you can find it convenient to lend me  
\$25?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Bismarck's Aphorisms.  
The fact that Bismarck, in his pen-  
sive moments has been a forger of sen-  
tentious aphorisms was brought to mind  
by the appearance last week in Paris of a  
translation of his "Notebook of Youth."

This work dates from the great man's  
nineteenth year, and it is full of solemn  
remarks. For example: "Love is blind;  
friendship shuts the eyes" (which is not  
bad by the way). Again: "You often  
hear the rich man saying to the poor  
man, 'I have no money.' A great mind  
in certain fashionable gatherings says as  
much by its silence." "In the tele-  
tete," says Bismarck, "a woman speaks  
aloud to the man who is indifferent to  
her, low to the man she is never loving,  
and keeps silent with the man she loves."

We seem to have heard something like  
this before; but when the Prince com-  
pares wise men to stonewalling watches  
which have attached to themselves ma-  
chinery for regulating them, and other  
men to old-fashioned watches, which  
need a separate key, he is entirely orig-  
inal. Let us conclude with the follow-  
ing, which is worthy of the author of  
"Three Men in a Boat": "Reading a  
medical book one fancies one has all the  
maladies it describes; similarly when  
reading the work of a moralist one dis-  
covers all the faults he points out—in  
others."—The Speaker.

## Explaining the Czar's Dream.

An amusing legend is circulating  
among the peasantry of the province of  
Simbirsk, Russia. The present Czar,  
Alexander III., saw in a dream three  
pigs. The first was fat and merry, the  
second was lean and downcast, the third  
was blind. The Czar was unable to un-  
derstand what the dream meant, and he  
summoned to his presence his generals  
and wise men. But no one could ex-  
plain the meaning of the dream. The  
people, promising to reward any one  
who would interpret it. After some  
time there appeared a Tartar, who went  
to the palace and said to the Czar: "I  
can explain thy dream, oh Czar; but  
thou shalt first promise me that thou  
wilt not punish me for my interpreta-  
tion, but reward me for it, whether it  
please thee or not." "Speak," com-  
manded the Czar, and the Tartar said:  
"The merry pig means the fat nobles and  
district commanders, who live in abun-  
dant and know no sorrow. The lean  
and downcast pig is thy people. And  
the blind pig is thine own gracious self,  
little Father, living as thou dost in St.  
Petersburg, and seeing nothing of the  
is done in thy country." The story  
does not say that the person designated  
as the "blind pig" has become any more  
clear-sighted.—New York News.

The main drainage pipes of London  
are eighty-two miles long.

## THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.  
ALBERT G. REED, a faithful old messenger  
in the employ of the Pacific Bank, New York  
City, blew out his brain in his hand be-  
cause he felt, apparently, that his days of  
usefulness were over. He was getting too  
weak to work. He was sixty-eight years  
of age.

PERCY GRACE and Lewis Dowell, aged  
seven and nine years, of Corning, N. Y.,  
wandered off from their home and were found  
dead, it is supposed from eating poisonous  
berries.

JOSEPH BAKER and wife, of Mechan-  
ville, while driving across the railroad at  
Stiles Station, Penn., were struck by an  
engine and fatally injured.

COX'S iron breaker at Onida, Penn., the  
only one of its kind in the country, has been  
burned. It cost \$25,000.

COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS, DAVID  
of New York City, began his work in the  
Crown watershed under the Webster law  
by burning a dwelling house and a barn and  
condemning many nuisances.

The Clothing Manufacturers' Association  
obtained from the United States Supreme  
Court, New York City, a temporary  
injunction that practically restrained the  
United Garment Workers from continuing  
their boycott.

FOUR of Uncle Sam's crack cruisers, the  
Philadelphia, the York